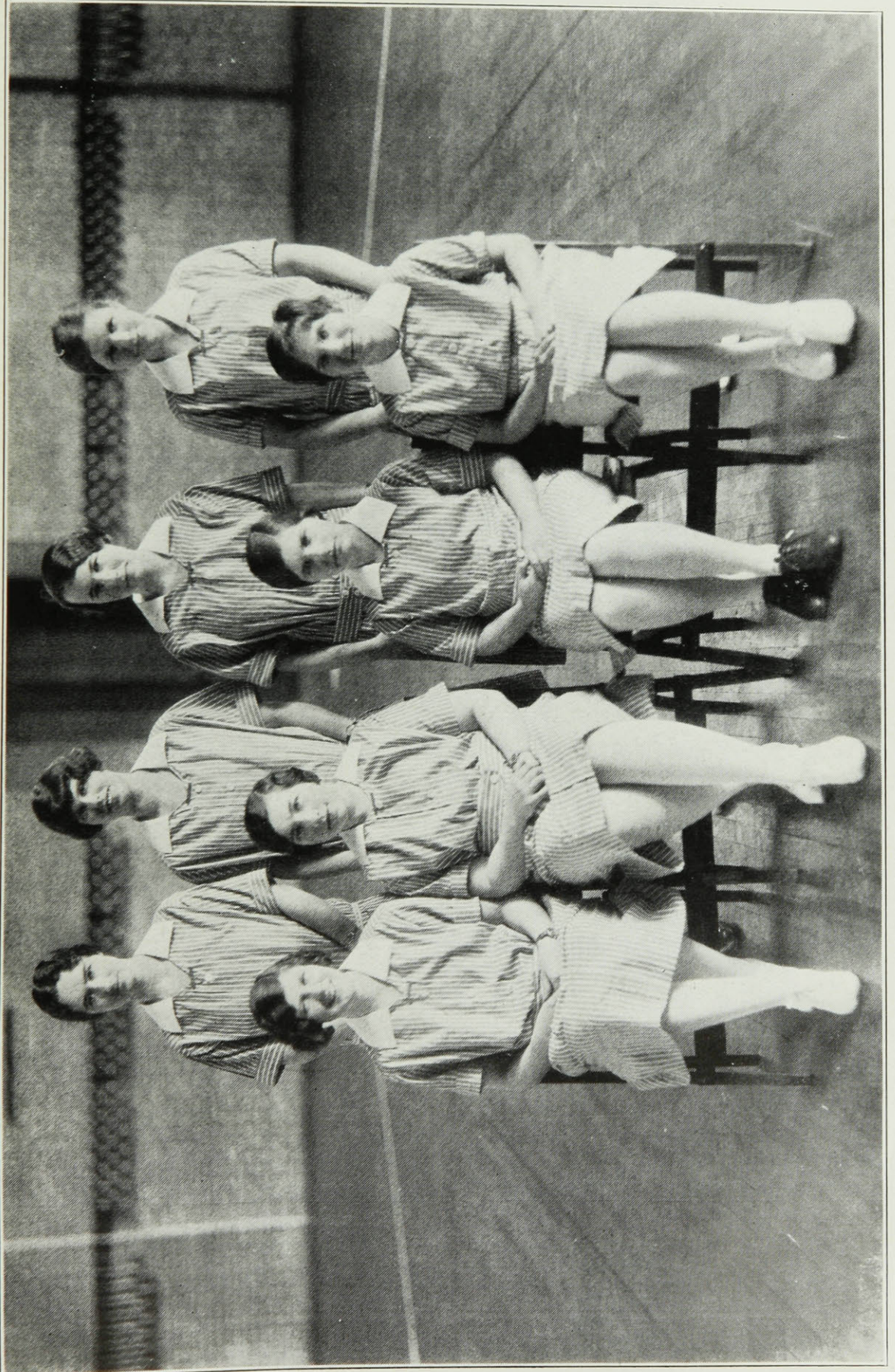

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SENIOR B. H. S.

THE
MACDONALD COLLEGE
MAGAZINE

“MASTERY FOR SERVICE”

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL. XIX

SPRING

No. 2



“THE voice of time cries to man, Advance,” says Dickens. And we, ourselves, when faced with blank sheets of paper and the task of writing an editorial, have heard this voice.

With this new issue we usher in a new year—a year which we hope will prove the finest the College has yet seen. With the shadow of the cumulus of examinations passed, with a social season so far entirely successful, and with well justified hopes for the future, the machinery of the College can be said to be functioning excellently—each cog turning frictionless with its neighbour, and the whole running in silent unison.

However, even the finest of machines need oiling in certain places, and, since we have here the *vox studentia* the oiling may, with advantage, be done through this channel.

We have received several letters, from members of the College, concerning a society which has established itself as a compulsory item in the activities of all students. The excuse being apparently, that, since membership of the Literary and Debating, Athletic and other societies is compulsory, so, also, should be membership of a religious society. The reply to this is that, from the other societies mentioned, the students, whether actively or inactive, receive some return. A student who does not take part in athletics has the privilege of watching his college teams play and receives, as it were, a season ticket as a “rooter.” So it is with other societies: a rich harvest is reaped in comparison to the initial outlay. But let us, on the other hand, consider the not unusual case of the man who enters the College with limited means and is automatically

relieved of a fixed sum which goes to fill the coffers of a religious sect—a sect to which he quite possibly does not belong.

The anomaly is almost grotesque, and does no credit to a society which, under the very able guidance which it now has, could be of great value to serious and properly enrolled members. To lay down hard and fast rules with regard to religion is to oppose directly the very meaning of the word *education*. There are many to whom a Students' Christian Association has a definite appeal, but there are many others to whom it is either frankly antipathetic or valueless. With regard to the latter class, it would seem unjust to require of them the same concrete support which is gladly given by others. This is the point which is stressed in the protests we have received and, to us, it appears to be rational and well taken.

Two solutions have occurred to us and may be worthy of consideration. Firstly: the S.C.A. could be re-organized as a separate body and supported only by those interested — no subscription being levied upon the student unless he desired to join the society. Such a step would, we believe, eliminate all the friction which, at the moment, is only too prevalent.

Secondly, the society, functioning only on Sundays, could be placed on a different footing—could retain its name and yet be controlled by our social function organisers. The "sing-songs," originally meant for the singing of hymns, are fast losing their religious flavour and becoming buffet concerts. Their increasing popularity is convincing evidence in favour of a complete change. It would be but a simple move to allow the Social Activities Committee, or the Literary and Debating Society to take control and stage, at short intervals, a programme which might be called a "Sunday Musical Evening."

We understand that a step such as that outlined above would incur the disapprobation of the Protestant School Board, which has control over the School for Teachers; but we fail to see how anyone could take exception to a well-arranged classical programme, or deny the benefit which would be derived from a closer acquaintance with the better kind of music.

A rational and honest facing of the present situation can only be for the good of the College—and for the good of a society possessed of great possibilities were its functions less at variance with its title.

* * * * *

We are surprised to see that no further steps have been taken with regard to the building of a College "Club-house." Whether the authorities have discountenanced the idea, or whether the money is not forthcoming, remains a mystery to us. Last year the idea originated and, at that time, the powers that be evidenced strong support of such a scheme. It was proposed to erect a clubhouse in a suitable location (such as, for example, the river-front adjoining the skating rink) for the mutual benefit of both staff and students. Such an innovation would afford much improved facilities for all visiting teams, skaters and football players, and, in the summer, could serve as a pavilion. It would also give to the students a place where light meals, such as afternoon tea, could be served. Its benefits would undoubtedly be legion. Students would have the opportunity of meeting the staff in a way slightly different from the

lecture-room—in a way conducive to an exchange of opinions and ideas that would tend to broaden the students' horizon; and the mixing would certainly bring about a better understanding between staff and students and *vice versa*.

The whole matter, however, since its inception, seems to have been dropped. The borrowing of money—if the rub is there—should not prove impossible if the right sources were approached; for the College has, surely, sufficient security for the loan. A sinking fund could be established whereby the loan could be paid off gradually, and we feel that, if the case were put to people who have helped us in the past, the appeal would not pass without a definite response.

The College is badly in need of such a building. The rink shack is quite inadequate to accommodate the throng of skaters who are there every evening, the tea-shops in the village do not offer a very wide choice, and a common meeting ground for staff and students would undoubtedly be a distinct advantage. Even though we of the present generation will never, as undergraduates, see the completion of such a building, it is, surely, our duty to see good seed sown for the future harvest.

It is with regret, also, that we remark the decease of the Philharmonic Society. The many enjoyable evenings for which they were responsible will long be remembered—even though other societies are now beginning satisfactorily to fill the gap.

Whilst on the subject of concerts it is well to speak of the Literary and Debating Society. The Green and Gold Revue is scheduled for the very near future and we are reminded of the debt we owe to this society for the excellent additions they have made to student life. When we consider the number of entertainments they furnish, the skill and labour which has been expended on new stage properties, and the outside speakers they bring before us, one is moved to wonder how it is all done with the limited means at their disposal.

* * * * *

Our heartiest congratulations are extended to Dean Barton on his newly received honour of *L'ordre de Mérite Agricole* given by the Quebec government. One of the very few, we understand, which has as yet been conferred.

* * * * *

To all contributors we offer our very best thanks. At the same time we may add that only one article was received from our fair companions on the other side of the campus. We hesitate to conclude that that quarter is devoid of all talent, and are, therefore, at a loss for an explanation.

When it is considered that the Magazine is dependant upon student effort it is somewhat startling to find that less than one quarter of the student body shows any active interest in its compilation. Let us hope that those who have been unable to spare even the few moments necessary to the writing of a joke will be equally sparing in time spent in criticism. Let us voice, once more, the age-old cry of editorial boards: The magazine is what the student makes it.

Home

A trough of books at hand,
A stand where flowers grow,
A roomy chair in which to curl
And read, the while the fire burns low.
Outside, the wind howls drear;
Within, peace reigns supreme;
And in the embers' crimson glow,
The walls a homey aspect wear,
With pictures not too few—
A sampler, and some prints,
An etching in a narrow frame,
A well-known photograph or two.
A corner cupboard old,
Full of such little bits
As tell a story, each its own
For those who've known them long and well.
At casement windows low
Are plants in many a bowl;
The frilly curtains lend an air
Of dainty comfort to the whole.

—E. K. J.



Writing

IN a note to *Vanity Fair* there is a passage which tells us that, from one whole evening's labour, Thackeray was delivered of but three lines of his immortal work. This is, perhaps, the most comforting passage in all English literature for those who find themselves forced to cover sheet after sheet — five pages of two hundred words should suffice in this instance—with words optimistically presumed to be of interest to some unknown of doubtful literary taste. I say *doubtful* because it is not to be supposed that, in the midst of other arduous tasks, the amateur wielder of the pen can fling aside an essay of such jewelled brilliance as to interest the better sort of those who walk in "the old proud pageant of man."

To the professional writer—not the writer of things worth reading, but the writer of things which are read—the perpetration of, say, a thousand words on any given subject, is but the task of an idle moment. It is not perhaps a task performed with joy, because it is performed so often; but the author can usually say, as did George Eliot of 'Adam Bede,' "I am deeply thankful to have written it." And he will probably be speaking the truth,—particularly if he is certain of its acceptance.

So much I know from the pen of a writer in a current periodical. This guileless betrayer of his brother craftsmen went so far as even to give hints to the tyro as to the methods by which paragraphs could be made fat and profitable; profitable, that is, to the writer, —the reader is of minor importance. Use four adjectives to each noun, repeat everything at least twice, and never say anything in one word which could conveniently be expressed in ten. Above all, shun originality. That is a *précis* of his remarks, which extended over some 1500 words.

When it is realized that most of the pabulum which the daily papers offer is prepared in this way, it comes as rather a shock to find in a reputable London newspaper a passage which is entirely lacking in two of these ingredients; and one feels rather inclined to do as so many have done before: write to the *Times*. One could adopt the accepted 'letters to the Editor' mode of expression, and appear in print next day somewhat as follows:

Dear Sir: May I be permitted to encroach upon your valuable space, nay, more, your invaluable space, to give voice to and articulate a matter which has been in the minds—yes, and in the hearts, if I mistake not,—of many, if not all, of the readers of your esteemed columns for no inconsiderable period of time. For, true as it is that the presence of your paper on any desk, chair or table is the incontrovertible, indubitable and certain mark of sound opinion and

respectability, it is no less true that it holds, and that deservedly, this eminent and unique position by virtue of the excellence, the superlative worth, the splendid absorbing incomparability of its literary offerings. I feel, therefore, that I am but voicing the thought and opinion of the whole army of your supporters when I earnestly affirm that you are to be congratulated, to be heartily felicitated, on the supreme literary quality of your articles.

When one considers

But I see no reason why one should. We all appreciate the Times' leading articles; and if we cannot all attain the limpidity of style of those who go down to the Times in print, we can all plunge into their depths and emerge better and stronger men. Not that most of us wish for intellectual aggrandisement by this means; but the leading article is an 'institution' — which is generally another term for a necessary evil. It is suited to the after-dinner hour of the type of heavy feeder who affects the Times; but it is useless to suppose that it can ever be really good, and I have never read an interestingly bad one.

No man (and I do not forget Mr. Wallace) can be expected to make valuable additions to the race's literary treasure-house on every day of the week. Miss Ederle herself could not swim the channel on more than six days out of seven; and Newton formulated less than a dozen laws of nature in the course of a whole life-time. So we may take it for granted, in the face of such examples, that, even with a brief period of pullulation as a reporter of murders and marriages, the genius of the ex-office-boy will be unequal to his task,—even if, gathering rosebuds whilst he may, he become as wise as Solomon.

"Wisdom," says a certain Mr. Burke in *The Dial*, a magazine so modern as to be almost a God-given glimpse of the future, "wisdom, in becoming a kind of self-appointed martyrdom, constitutes the sage's one claim to coxcombry." This profound new truth has apparently been the common—if secret—property of the wise editors of daily newspapers for many years. But if it were known more widely, if the poor reader were to be made aware of the fact that, when a journalist airs his wisdom in the editorial columns with Baconian aphorisms, or didactic disquisitions on politics, he is merely preening himself upon his superior attainments, then there would be an end to the evil. Newspapers would give news. The essayist would find leisure enough occasionally to write a readable essay.



A Voice from the Crowd

IN those days of democracy, social equality and Morality Squads, men's opinions (like ladies' lower limbs) may be aired in public without fear of burning at the stake. So, with a clear conscience and a bold mien the writer grasps his pencil and attacks the topics of the day.

Soon will the butterfly be calling to his mate, and it seems that Spring—the glad spring—will not be long now. Many of us at this season are beginning to raise our heads once more after a strenuous week of deep and heated mental concentration occasioned by the solicitude and forethought of our respective, well-beloved and deeply respected faculties. A brief *résumé* of the past few weeks might well serve to soothe our tattered nerves and gladden our hearts with thoughts of that which is gone beyond recall.

Yuletide, since time immemorial, has been set apart from the rest of our busy life as a period devoted exclusively to the making of “whoopee.” Most of us were quite successful in our endeavours and returned to our Alma Mater to find her waiting with open and outstretched arms—and an examining scrutiny—to welcome us once more into the sanctity of her bosom.

January is one of the Twelve during which we don our skates and gambol with grace on the ice. Weird and wonderful are the postures assumed by many of the aspirants to the art of skating. Between the hours of 6.30—7.45 p.m. it is no uncommon thing to see some young gallant reclining gracefully on the hard substratum with one skate cunningly draped about his manly shoulders and the other one hanging over the boards, endeavouring to look dignified. To be a little more specific. I have it on good authority that one night the Doc. inadvertently assumed a horizontal posture and was almost run over by Adèle D—, who, however, allowed him to escape with a slight abrasion in the region of the left femur. An abrasion caused by some 3 - - lbs. of fair femininity. Needless to say Jackie enjoyed it immensely.

Latest reports (hitherto unpublished) show that the Senate presiding over our activities have had a most prosperous season. The greatest revenue, apparently, comes from the Society for the Prevention of Aerial Dissemination of Foodstuffs, who report large returns during the past few weeks. As a mere layman, however, I would like to suggest that they draw up a price list for the benefit of their customers; and, also, I am convinced that it would be in the interests of the association if they held one bargain night per week when everything, from osyter soup to Massey-Harris cheese, could be disseminated at half-price, or at a considerable discount. Regular customers might well be granted season tickets, at popular prices, renewable every quarter.

Whilst we are still victually minded, may I ask how that legband got into the chicken stew? and who engraved “C.P.R. Dining Car” on one of the forks in the dining hall?

Only one other proceeding of note has engaged my attention in recent days, and that is a more serious question, having to do with the higher branches of research—a linking of the sciences with philosophy. Detailed information is not yet available, but all the evidence so far obtained points to the fact that cotton wool and alcohol form a ration amply sufficient to maintain the metabolic activities of the mouse.

But the bird of time beats steadily her wings. The lowering sun has kissed the mountain-tops. Weary, the writer lets fall from nerveless fingers his pen, and, bowing weary head, is lost in sweet oblivion.

— E. G. Sharvelle.

* * *

Woman

Well, boys, at last I've come across the composition of Woman. The subject has been baffling me for years, and the following extracts have just come to my rescue.

Twashtri, the god Vulcan of the Hindu mythology created the world, but on his commencing to create woman he discovered that, for man, he had exhausted all his creative materials, and that not one element had been left.

This of course greatly perplexed Twashtri, and caused him to fall into a profound sleep. When he arose, he proceeded as follows and took—

The roundness of the moon—

The undulating curve of the serpent—

The graceful twist of the creeping plant—

The light shivering of the grass blade and the slenderness
of the willow—

The velvet of the flowers—

The lightness of feathers—

The gentle gaze of the doe.

The frolicsomeness of the dancing sunbeam—

The tears of the cloud—

The inconsistency of the wind—

The timidity of the hare—

The vanity of the peacock—

The hardness of the diamond—

The cruelty of the tiger—

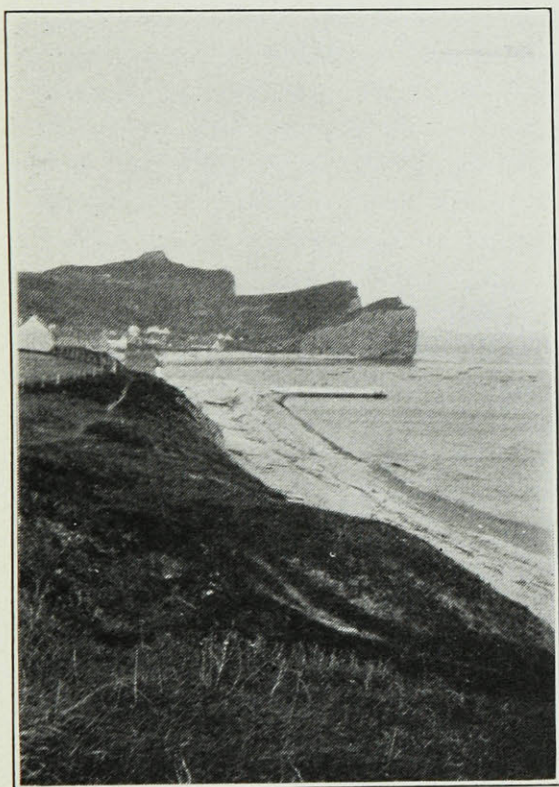
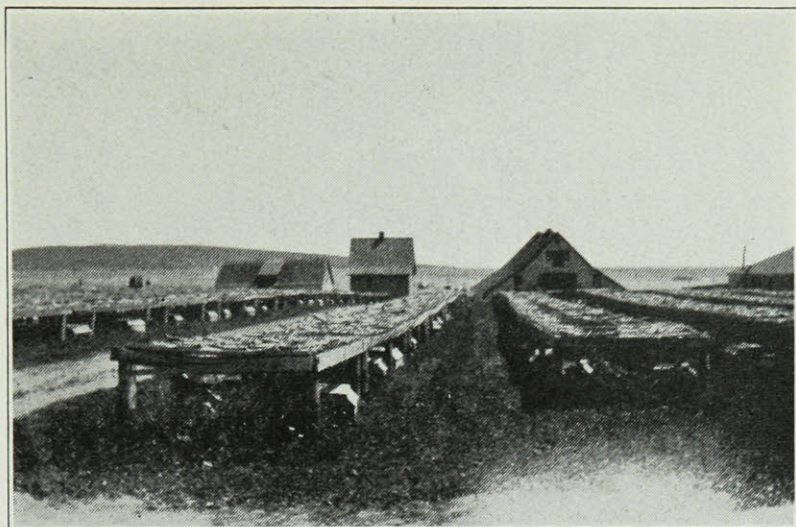
The chill of the snow—

The cackling of the parrot—

The cooing of the turtle dove—

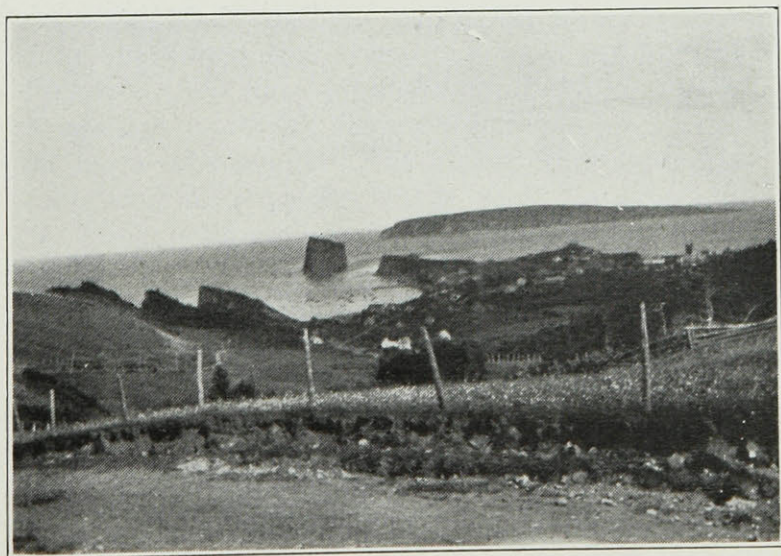
All these he mixed together and formed a woman.

—G. K. Parris.



VIEWS OF
PERCE, QUEBEC,

Submitted by
MISS M. RUSSELL.



To Those Who Carry the Torch

No one knows better than the writer that by writing this article he will be laying himself open to a great deal of criticism for butting in to something that no longer concerns him. However, I can plead for a hearing on the strength of the four years I put in at Mac, and am perfectly willing to risk this criticism if I can succeed in carrying, to some Mac students at least, an idea of that for which I am pleading.

You ask my justification for writing this tale of woe? Here it is. You have all heard that famous bye-word "College Spirit." Indeed, it would be hard to find a much more hackneyed phrase. Well, don't forget that it is a name for something that can exist very materially, and for something that forms the lubricant of the college activities' machinery. It makes an otherwise troublesome engine tend to function smoothly and with out any of that trouble caused by friction. Friction between students, between student activities, and between students and staff is that treacherous enemy that burns the bearings out of what, otherwise, might be a well balanced, nicely functioning machine.

The ways and means of expressing this wonderful liqueur are many, almost legion. When you stand all afternoon in a drizzling rain, just to cheer and encourage your football team, that's college spirit. When you cheer the other team as well as your own, that is college spirit plus sportsmanship. When you try to help your roommate with that dirty problem that old so and so has set, that again is college spirit. We could continue thus *ad infinitum*.

However, for the purposes of this article there are one or two particular phases that I feel greatly concerned over, and for want of a better word they can perhaps best be discussed under the heading of loyalty. Here again we could branch off in many directions. For instance, there is loyalty to the college, to the staff, to the students, and so on, but the kind of loyalty I want to talk about is the loyalty of the students to the presidents and members of your various society executives.

Let's start with your Students' Council, since that is your most powerful unit. When you elect a president and representatives for the Council, you rightly feel that you have conferred a signal honour upon them. It is my experience that those so elected are usually appreciative of the fact that they have been chosen above all others to guide the star of student destinies through the troubled skies ahead. However, once these officers are into power, their troubles are only just beginning and it is at this stage that the students' duty becomes obvious. Those who vote at an election should be the first to stand behind, and the last to desert, their chosen leaders. Of one thing you may be very sure and it is that their position will be much more full of potentialities and much more tenable if they have the *morale* of full student support behind them. Always remember that a weak Council is apt to be the most abject thing on the campus, and is respected neither by staff nor students. Remember,

too, that unless you support and have confidence in your own Council, you cannot expect the staff to do so either. So buck in, and back it to the limit. Disagree, if you wish, at your student meetings, but be big enough to support the majority's wishes even if they do not happen to be your own personal desires.

Much the same applies to the Magazine, to the Literary and Debating Society, to your Athletic Association and to all your recognized activities. The paths of the executives are not easy ones to tread; in fact, I know of a no more thankless job than that held by the editor of your magazine. Their work will be considerably lightened and they will be encouraged to do their utmost if you students will only show a little active co-operation and desire to help at all times.

So far, I hope, we agree. But if we think it right to support our chosen leaders, surely the next logical step is to support the activities which they lead, and there the truth is out.

Your Students' Council is not in the need of much material aid. It calls chiefly for student opinions, and the strength to support these opinions. But your Magazine, as you know, is published three times a year. The one thing you either do not know about it, or do not choose to know, (and I am a past editor), is that that same magazine takes quite a lot of copy to fill it. In the past, the "Mag." has been able to hold up its head with the best of its kind in Canada, but this has been largely due to the devoted efforts of the successive Magazine Boards. The shades of old "grads" will haunt you for evermore if this high standard be allowed to fall. Even if your literary ability ends at collecting jokes, just do something for it.

Now for the "Lit." Of all societies, the "Lit" undoubtedly contributes, more than any other, to the enjoyment of a winter season at Mac. With its varied programme, from play readings to revues, it makes enjoyable what might otherwise be, due to economic isolation, rather a tedious winter. Again, I say, get in and help. If you can't make the Houses of Parliament shake by your debating skill, that is no reason why you shouldn't take part in an elocutionary contest, is it? And, too, the training you will receive from this type of effort will be of great value to you, long after your graduation has become a memory.

Athletics are pretty well supported as it is. However, there are two big features which I think might be improved upon. Firstly, the Field Day. To be successful, a large number of entrants is necessary and to ensure this, I would suggest that all sophomores and freshmen be compelled to enter at least one event. Much talent at present lies hidden because of an inferiority complex on the part of certain students. Secondly, Macdonald has now so often *nearly* won the Inter-Faculty Rugby Championship that it has become annoying. Those who are in a position to speak with authority will agree, I think, when the thought is expressed that the chief cause for her past defeats has been due to a lack of practice and training, rather than to poor material. It is my experience that greater turnout is necessary, in order that the team can get sufficient practice. If more of the Aggies would turn out, it would be possible to always have two teams on the field, so that the first team could get more of the real team to team stuff, and this is what has been lacking in

the past. To remedy this, I would suggest that the President of the Athletic Association and the Captain of the Team be empowered to order out on the field any men from the student body who are evidently likely specimens. Failure to turn out on order could be dealt with by the House Committee. The writer of this article turned out for practice at the beginning of his third year and it is one of his greatest regrets that he did not turn out as a freshman and stay with it. It sure is the grandest game on earth. To this end, I would also respectfully suggest to the Faculty that they do not co-operate as much as they might from the standpoint of time allowances for practice.

The big point I have hoped to make is that, while we all can't be football stars or Magazine Editors, there are mighty few of us who can't run, carry a ball, or do something for one of the numerous activities. If each of the three hundred students at Mac would only contribute their tithe, instead of being such ardent supporters of the "let Johnny do it" spirit, the result would be a year that would go down in the history of the college as the best yet.

The criticisms in this article are perhaps pardonable in that an attempt has been made to offer remedial suggestions. They have at all events been offered, in a spirit of loyalty, by one of Mac's recent crop of graduates—one who is just beginning to realize the value of the education she patiently gave him.

Snap into campus life, back your leaders and do your bit willingly in the realization that the more you put into your activities the more you will be able to receive from them in return.

—V.C.D.



Recommended Thoughts

For fair co-eds who sew: *You must unpick the seam of friendship, but you must tear love's bond asunder.*

—Richelieu.

For fair co-eds who sew not: *All human things of dearest value hang on slender strings.*

Edmund Walker.

For the S.C.A.: *Good times and bad times and all times pass over.*

—Kingsley.

For the same: *He who cannot do what would content him, must be content with what he can.*

Guarini.

For the plant-breeder: *May heaven send me not what I wish, but what will be for my good.*

—Menander.

Down on the Farm

"Down on the farm about half past four
I slip on my pants and sneak out the door.
Out in the yard I run like the dickens
To milk all the cows and feed all the chickens,
Clean out the barnyard, curry Rhoda and Jiggs,
Separate the cream and slop all the pigs.
Hustle two hours, then eat like a Turk,
By heck! I am ready for a full day's work.
Then I grease the wagon and put on the rack,
Throw a jug of water in the old grain sack,
Hitch up the mules, slip down the lane,
Must get the hay in, looks like rain.
Look over yonder, sure as I'm born,
Cows on the rampage, hogs in the corn;
Start across the meadow, run a mile or two,
Heaving like I am wind-broken, get wet clean through
Back with the mules, then for recompense,
Rhoda gets astraddle the barb-wire fence.
Joints all aching, muscles in a jerk,
Whoop! Fit as a fiddle for a full day's work.
Work all the summer 'til winter is nigh,
Then figure at the bank and heave a big sigh.
Worked all the year, didn't make a thing,
Less cash now than I had last Spring.
Some folks say there ain't no hell,
Shucks! They never farmed, how can they tell?
When Spring rolls round I take another chance,
As fuzz grows longer on my old gray pants.
Give my galluses a hitch, belt another jerk,
By gosh! I am ready for a full year's work."

—"London Morning Advertiser."

* * *

Man has seven ages,
Woman has one and sticks to it.

The National Federation of Canadian University Students

IT IS felt that, as the students as a whole are unacquainted with the activities of the Federation, it would be of advantage to confine the scope of this article to a general sketch of the aims of the Federation, and the projects under way. The report of the Second Annual Conference, of lesser importance at the present time, will be given briefly.

HISTORY:

The question of the need and possibilities of a Canadian student federation was first raised in 1926. Federations of a similar nature were already carrying on in England and Wales, in Scotland, in Europe and in the United States. A conference of representatives from twelve Canadian universities and colleges was held at McGill in December and the advisability of forming such a federation was fully gone into.

The need of a union to enable the promotion of a better understanding among all students, and to enable a greater degree of co-operation between all Canadian universities, for the promotion of national interests, and the need to provide a means for developing international relationships with student groups in other countries, was strongly felt. The plans for the Federation were laid, and a constitution drafted, which was later unanimously approved of by the individual student bodies.

ACTIVITIES:

The object of the Federation is being fulfilled in many ways. Debating between eastern and western Canadian universities is being promoted and arranged, as well as international debating. Inter-collegiate athletic activity of a national character is under consideration. A commission is at work collecting and arranging information concerning the manner in which each university or college meets its problems in student administration, and this information is available to any member. Student tours at minimum cost are arranged for. Co-operative purchasing of athletic supplies through the Federation means a saving of over one-third. A Student Exchange project is underway, which offers undergraduates in Canadian universities the opportunity to receive a year's study in a university in another part of Canada, without extra cost to themselves. The exchange of ideas on student affairs made possible by the annual conferences, contact with student groups in other countries, and similar advantages, are all made possible through the Federation.

MACDONALD COLLEGE AND THE N.F.C.U.S.

Every student registered here, with the exception of the short courses in Household Science, and the Elementary Class in the School for Teachers, is a member of the N.F.C.U.S. All students, however, share the benefits equally.

Our Athletic Associations, since we became a member of the Federation, have been receiving the benefit of the co-operative buy-

ing scheme. It hardly has to be pointed out that this saving means much to us.

Interest in debating at Macdonald has always been outstanding. The debate on Censorship, with the team from the Western universities, was made possible, as you know, to N.F.C.U.S. promotion.

Preliminary arrangements have been made to send a member of our student body as one of the two-man team to the Pacific Coast in 1930-31, debating university teams from here west. There will be no added costs to us.

Macdonald College students are, as members, eligible to join the summer travel tours, which will be advertised later.

One official representative, whose expenses are borne by the Federation, is sent from Macdonald to the Annual Conference. Other representation may be had at our own expense.

The cost of our affiliation with the N.F.C.U.S. is an annual fee of \$25.00, plus a per capita levy of 10 cents less \$100. Thus the cost amounts to approximately \$50.00, annually. This is an insignificant amount, when one considers that, in some years, the expenses of our official delegate will far exceed this. So far the fee has been paid out of the Students' Council funds, so that the costs have not yet been felt through any special fund.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE:

Immediately following the next Annual Conference in early September, a conference of students from all over the British Empire of \$25.00, plus a per capita levy of 10 cents less \$100. Thus gathering promises to be of outstanding importance in the history of our Federation. The proposed conference has the backing and good-will of both Federal and Provincial governments. Speakers will include Canada's foremost men in national and educational affairs. Macdonald College will be represented.

SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE:

The Second Annual Conference was held at Queen's University, last December 26th-29th. Twenty-three delegates were present, representing the universities of B. C., Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Toronto, Western Ontario, Queen's, McMaster, O.A.C., McGill, Montreal, Bishop's, New Brunswick, Mount Allison, Dalhousie, Acadia, and Macdonald College. Mr. Alexander Kellar, President of the Students' Representative Councils of Scotland, was also present.

The great amount of business necessitated morning, afternoon, and evening sessions, so that the delegates had a busy, though very enjoyable, time.

A few of the main topics were as follows:

- (1) The financing of the Imperial Conference.
- (2) Inter-collegiate (national and international) debating.
- (3) Exchange of Undergraduates.
- (4) The formation of an all-Canadian Inter-collegiate athletic union.
- (5) Reduction in transportation charges for students.
- (6) Reduction in Insurance rates (Dropped).
- (7) Student Travel.
- (8) General discussion of student problems, etc.

A full account of the last conference, and all information concerning the N.F.C.U.S., is on the Students' Council files, for the use of anyone interested.

The Federation is still young but, if what it has already accomplished may be taken as indicative, it is destined to fulfill a long-felt want in a big way.

* * *

At Home—Dancing

TWO "formals" come up for recognition in this issue. Both of them have been acclaimed great successes and much credit is due to Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Archibald, who have had control over the first and second dances respectively.

The decorations for the dance on November 13th. took the form of a sailing ship. We should like to congratulate Miss MacLeod, the shipwright, upon her splendid effort, and, also Miss Roma Trowbridge, the art director of the dance held on February 8., for the striking effects produced with the simplest of materials.

Both dances were exceptionally well attended and we were glad to welcome many old friends.

The music was in the hands of Eddie Girard, and satisfied the most exacting.



Mainly Blue

VER the way a gramophone is playing; playing what is called "jazz" music, or what its creators prefer to name in the grand manner symphonic syncopation. Though there is nothing symphonic in this, it is a jolly tune, with a frank, engaging manner. But the tune at the moment is not important—the name's the thing. "Blue Grass," mark that.

In 1927 there might have been seen on the London stage *The Blue Kitten*, *The Blue Train*, *The Blue Revue*, *Blue Skies*, *Blue Eyes*, and God knows how many more of them. There might have been heard at least seven hundred tunes prefixed with blue; the *Rhapsody in Blue* was the despair of every jazz pianist. In fact, a wave of blue had run in a messy wash over the lesser sort of art, music and drama. That he had coloured his goddess green must have been to Mr. Archer a subsequent source of relieved gratification. Could Strauss have foreseen the deluge of blue that was to descend, he might have chosen a duller day for his contemplation of the Danube.

Now why should blue be used to indicate a certain kind of music, an indifferent physical or mental condition, and a low form of the terpsichorean art?

There is nothing of the glaring, brilliant, shimmeringly iridescent quality of this music about blue, the blue I like, that pearly-grey sheen and quiet bloom. Nor can I detect in it the shadowy, overhanging pall of gloom that enwarps the subject immersed in the "blues." To feel "blue" is all very expressive, but why blue? A gentleman with a blue nose might feel very cold, miserable, and unhappy, yet he might not have succumbed to that peculiar malady the "blues" as such. But I feel he is more correctly designed "blue."

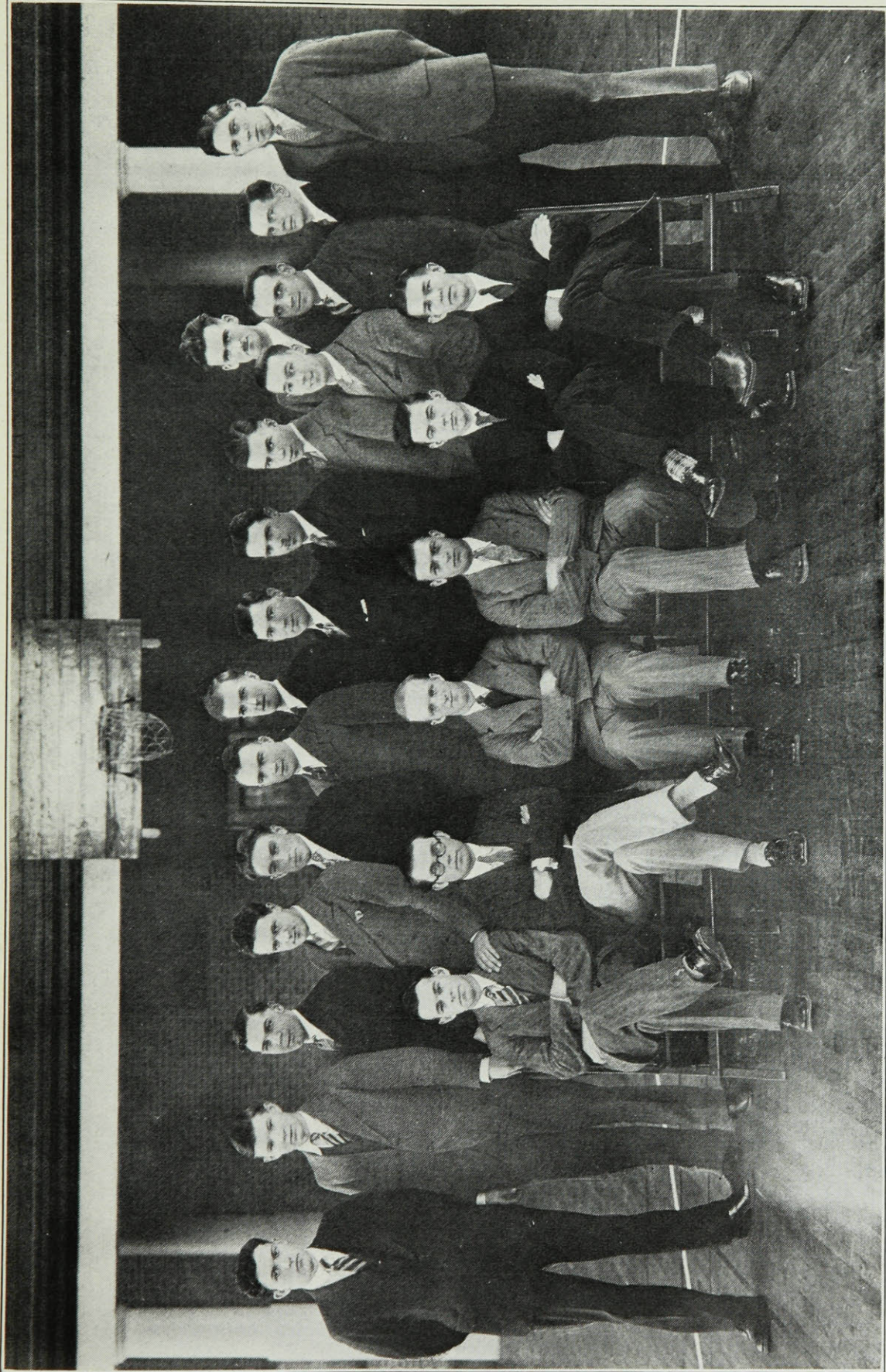
I might forgive this attachment to this low frame of mind, but that a gentle, shy and retiring colour like blue should have abrogated to herself the right to run and cloak herself in a clinging embrace about this insidious music is more than I would have believed of her.

I am deeply disappointed in her; maidenly conduct and chastity have been thrown to the winds.

Now Red! There's a colour for you! Strident, clamorous, hoarse, virility eruding from every pore of his ruddy personality, he would lead a life of joyous companionship with this cheery, bibulous, cacophonously jovial fellow. But the law of opposites has proved too strong, and Blue has gone tripping off with her rather besotted, brutish lord and master.

I feel sorry for her, for I'm sure she has made a mistake.

—J. M. Fyffe.



JUNIORS



POST-GRADS

The S. C. A.

COLLEGE societies are one of the very best parts of student life. Most colleges are full of them. There will be one, more or less, for every subject, history, maths, science, with its many varieties; there are also the general interest or social activities group, debating, music, art, drama, politics, and religion. Needless to say, no one can join them all, and would not if he could, but in a reasonable selection, varied to taste, you often find the salt of the whole thing. Friendship, liveliness, and interest mark them all, and where the curriculum is not too heavy, such societies have, as well, a considerable educational value.

Amongst these, religious societies hold a peculiar position. They make a different kind of claim on the student and are often avoided as unnatural, unnecessary and priggish; sometimes there is a good deal of truth in that feeling.

But the case for having religious societies is a clear one. Everyone has a religion of some kind of his own, and some pretty definite ideas about churches and religion as a whole. These ideas he has to revise at college, whether he wants to or not, and it is obviously wise to do this along with other people.

You can no more reach sound conclusions about religion entirely by yourself than you can about science or politics, and you cannot practice religion alone any more satisfactorily than music or drama.

If religious societies are necessary to help students to sort their ideas and share experience among them the Student Christian Movement has a special place.

It is not merely a national organisation; it is part of the World's Student Federation with organised movements in over twenty countries and a present college membership throughout the world of over a quarter of a million. This international movement is no mere name. Representatives of other movements attend the student Conferences in, let us say, Canada and our members visit those abroad. In addition there are links through visits of secretaries, through literature, and Federation Committees and Conferences in which the Canadian Movement takes part. It is important to realise that the Movement is of students themselves and is controlled by them. It is not run by other people for their good. The General Committee is a student body and every Christian Union is autonomous. It has always provided central activities for the country as a whole, and for groups of colleges, which no one place could ever have had for itself.

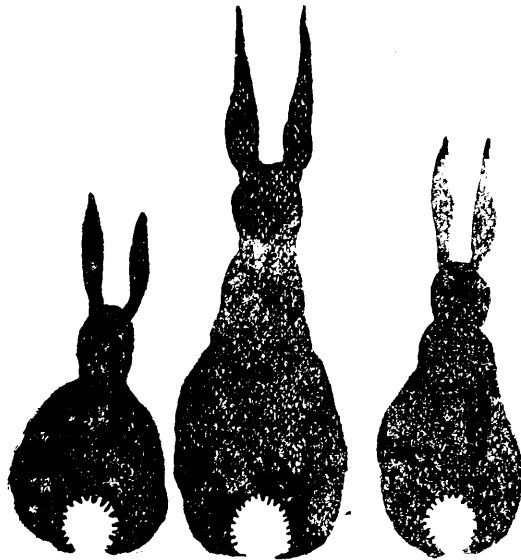
In the course of years the scope of the Student Christian Movement's interests has widened enormously, and today in study circles and conferences the relation of Christianity to social and international problems is dealt with just as seriously as the more obviously "religious" problems of belief, Christian doctrine, the Bible, or Prayer. Through the Movement as a whole you get a wider understanding of the world outside and of the demands it makes for help and service.

But one difficulty must be faced in any review of this kind; not all Study circles nor all Unions are necessarily good. With student control and therefore new leaders every year, every college has its ups and downs in the Christian Union as in sport or anything else. But surely that is no excuse for not assisting and taking the Movement somewhat more seriously. It is what we are trying to do, not what has been done in the past, that is most important.

The sporting analogy holds: if you do not refuse to play for your school or college in its bad year, then do not turn down the Christian Association or Union because you think it is a "dud."

The Movement can, with student co-operation, form groups where you will find some of the best friends of your life, a friendship in which you really learn more of life and human nature than you ever could alone, and an atmosphere in which you can naturally and easily get the help you will badly need now and then.

—G. K. Parris.



A Reply

IN one of the most remarkable essays I have read for some time, the President of the S.C.A. attempts to justify the existence of his society's place in the life of the College.

He emerges from a plethora of confused argument and an enthusiastic welter of international data, apparently convinced that the S.C.A. is the one place to obtain a wider knowledge of "the world outside."

(I like that "outside." It expresses in a word just how much religious societies are a part of life).

Let us consider the case for the religious society in college life; far from there being a "clear" case, is there any case at all? Among college societies, religious associations do indeed hold a "peculiar" position, and especially is this true at Macdonald. It is only too true that they are regarded as unnatural, and I for one am heartily glad to see it.

Organizations of the sort are notably hostile to mental freedom and indifferent to the beauty of truth. The fact that each has some religion of his own surely indicates that faith is deeper than expression and need not be formulated.

This apparently compulsory revision of opinion at college, and the idea that sound conclusions cannot be formed in solitary state is merely fatuous. What the first statement may mean I am at a loss to explain. "Sir, I can give you argument," said Dr. Johnson, "but I cannot give you understanding." I admit the fault may be mine, but my dear Mr. Parris, give us logical argument, please. And are we to believe, for instance, that the pellucid thinking and tremendous feats of intellect of a man like Newton or Einstein were done in conference with a *salon of savants*?

The writer's description of the size and scope of the movement does not impress me; if it has achieved as much elsewhere as it has here it is of little account: he is evading the point at issue. He so far forgets himself as to make the sorry admission that the fault often lies with the association and not with the students, and here lies the crux of all this wrong-headedness, together with the fact that he forgets that the primary object of a religious society is to be religious, considers it analogous to the football team, and therefore deserving of the support of the students.

Does he know what is meant by playing the game for the game's sake? Does he actually think that men will turn out for the S.C.A. because they like it? Does he not know that to be successful the S.C.A. must attract men, instead of waiting for them to turn up? Is he entirely unaware that the trouble in the Church today is that it fails to attract the right type of mind, that no effort is made to attract the people, and that even Churchmen, (at least the few intelligentzia among them) are amazed that so many people continue to go?

If the society made any pretence to be religious or even serious, I might have more sympathy for Mr. Parris's viewpoint. The cry heretofore has been for religious societies to forget once in a while the business of saving souls and to devote their energies to some form of social service. At Macdonald the society has made a complete *volte-face*; it does neither. In fact, it does nothing that could not be done by a Sunday-school social committee.

It has antagonised the very people whose interest it hopes to hold. The Sunday evening "Sing-song" is openly regarded as farcical and is even offensive to those with any aesthetic sense of the fitness of things. The newcomer learns with a shock that it is held under the aegis of the Christian association. If it performed any useful service, if the slightest good accrued from it, the case might be different.

As it is, the few of any deep religious feeling stay away from it as being ungodly; the intellectuals who like good talk have reason to shun it as trivial, and the "Sing-song" is attended only by those who find themselves unable to resist the attractions of coffee, biscuits and the opposite sex, and who would be much better employed in their studies.

No, Mr. Parris, the S.C.A., if it is to exist at all as a college society, must first deserve support. Meanwhile, in the attempt to attract the irreligious it has forgotten its *raison d'être* and has made of itself an object of ridicule.

—J.M.F.

In Memory of Professor A. W. Kneeland



ON November 20th, 1928, died Abner Winslow Kneeland, retired Professor of English of the School of Teachers.

To the majority of the present readers of this Magazine, Professor Kneeland may have been either unknown or known only as the Senior Elder of the Union Church of Ste. Anne de Bellevue or as the oldest member of the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction of the Province of Quebec. Earlier students of Macdonald College and of the McGill Normal School knew him well as a high-minded, conscientious and successful teacher and trainer of teachers, one who was rarely absent, never late, always sympathetic, always courteous and never complaining, however arduous his burdens and however severe his private sorrows. In a tribute published in this Magazine on the occasion of his retirement in 1919, Dean Laird said: "I think it is true that Professor Kneeland has made no enemies and that he has been universally liked by every generation of students. This is more than can be said of almost any professor anywhere."

Those who knew him most intimately can recall no occasion on which he lost his temper or spoke uncharitably of any person. The nearest approach to a loss of temper was his quiet admonition to a charwoman who had spoken impertinently to his wife, "Mrs. Higgins, I have never yet lost my temper but if you speak like that to Mrs. Kneeland again, I am afraid I may do so." An intimate friend recalls *one* occasion at the McGill Normal School when he *did* arrive late, much to the concern of the Principal, Dr. Robins, who felt sure that something serious had happened and was relieved to learn that his unprecedented tardiness was due to the delay of a railway train, of which Prof. Kneeland would have notified him, had there been a telephone in the School.

Professor Kneeland came of a family characterized throughout twenty generations by courage and piety, by honesty and diligence, by self-confidence and good nature, by a loyal devotion to established order but a fighting love of liberty. His earliest known progenitors were literally "Scots wha had wi' Wallace bled, Scots wham Bruce had often led," one of them, James Kneeland, having been a first cousin, fellow soldier and trusted friend of Sir William Wallace several times mentioned by Henry the Minstrel in his poetic account of the feats of that hero, and having later been wounded in the Battle of Bannockburn and rewarded by King Robert the Bruce for his services and those of his son, John by the grant of a coat of arms and an estate in Lanarkshire. Under various spellings, including Newland, Cleland and Knel, the record of honorable service of the family has continued throughout seven centuries and in many lands, the search of records made by the genealogist of the family (a brother of our late Professor) having discovered many honorable records of business, professional and political life but no case of crime amongst 3254 persons traced—none except a little suspicion of complicity in the murder of Lord

Darnley, for Major William Kneeland was a devoted subject of Mary, Queen of Scots, who conferred on him a coat of arms, which like the traditional spelling of the family name and also the traditional faith, was rejected by some and modified by some of his immediate descendants.

The branch of the family from which Prof. Kneeland derived adopted the Protestant faith and emigrated to Massachusetts about 1630. Our late colleague was of the seventh generation of native North American Kneelands and into the line meanwhile had been introduced the blood of John Alden and Priscilla (Mallen), as well as that of Degory Priest, another Mayflower Pilgrim, and of Capt. John Stone, a celebrated Indian fighter of the early Colonial days. Thus came into the family English blood of equal quality with that from North Britain. Prof. Kneeland's grandfather moved from Massachusetts, first to Vermont and then to Stukely (Shefford County) in the Canadian forest, where he built first a log cabin and later a roomy frame house with a large central stone chimney which had fire-places on all four sides and an immense bake-oven in the kitchen. The infertile farm was inherited by his fifth son, Gardner Kneeland, who in the words of his son the genealogist (the late Brig.-Gen. Stillman Foster Kneeland of New York) "inculcated into the very life of his children habits of industry, temperance and frugality and impressed them with the value and dignity of true manhood and an orthodox but humanized Christianity."

On his farm, in this house and with this family background, Abner Winslow Kneeland, the fifth of ten sons, began in 1853 his seventy-five year long life, which from the age of sixteen was devoted to the cause of education. His first winter's teaching was done in the Blanchard school in Potton Township (Brome Co.). He then began a course in the McGill Normal School, which was interrupted by terms of service in Montreal and Berthier and completed to the Academy Diploma in 1877. The succeeding decade was spent in the Panet Street School in Montreal, first as second master (under the Rev. Dr. Rexford) and afterwards as Principal. In 1888 he was appointed Professor of English and History in the McGill Normal School and a member of the Council of Public Instruction. Approximately two decades in the Normal School in Montreal (on Belmont Street), one in active service in the new Macdonald College and one in retirement complete the tale of his years, embracing a full half-century of teaching and forty years of service on the Protestant Committee, during which time it is said that he never missed a meeting up to the time of his last illness, though with characteristic Kneeland precision a relative makes one exception when notice of a meeting was withheld from him on account of a serious illness.

Professor Kneeland held three University degrees, all earned concurrent with his teaching. Extramural work in Arts during his teaching career in Panet School won him his B.A. from Victoria University in 1884 and his M.A. from the University of Toronto in 1888. During the tenure of his Chair in the Normal School, he took lectures in Law in McGill attaining the degree of B.C. in 1897.

Professor Kneeland was a recording steward and local preacher of the Methodist Church, now incorporated into the United Church of Canada. In Ste. Anne de Bellevue he was first an officer of the Union Congregation, which worshipped in the College Assembly

Hall, from 1907 to 1912, and later one of the original elders and the Secretary of the Union Church and of its General Board and Board of Elders. He was generous in his contributions to religious causes, the hymn-books and the choir gowns of the Union Church being his personal gift. In the College he endowed an annual prize for English in the School for Teachers.

His surviving family includes four sons: Arthur Franklin of Montreal, Scott Ferris, Robert Stillman and Ellward Winslow of Ste. Anne de Bellevue; and two daughters: Mrs. L. R. Quigley of Vancouver and Mrs. Eversley H. Foy of Ste. Anne de Bellevue.

These and a host of old associates and friends will long cherish the memory of one who in the words of a former student, now in Calgary, "was a great teacher and a noble character, greatly loved by the hundreds of students who had the privilege of being in his classes."

—J. F. Snell.



Lectures in Brief

Horticulture: *Grief is a flower as delicate and prompt to fade as happiness.*

Mme. de Gasparin.

Orcharding: *Nuts are given us, but we must crack them ourselves.*

—Proverb.

Zoölogy: *The heart can never become wrinkled.*

—Mme. de Sévigny.

Economics: *Giving to the poor increaseth a man's store.*

—Proverb.

Faulty Technique

Mr. William (Bill) Valerius, whistling a tuneful aria—for he knew the house was empty—opened the window and, hoisting himself confidently from the flower-bed into the room beyond, flicked his cuffs with a silk handkerchief, said, 'My God!' and sat down: for it was a warm evening and Mr. Valerius had put on much weight in the years during which he had so successfully practised burglary.

After a moment devoted to recuperation he produced a small silver torch and, whistling once more, played it about the room until its beam rested upon a young man in the doorway. Without hesitation he extinguished his torch, but its meagre light was instantly replaced by the normal illuminations of a handsome apartment.

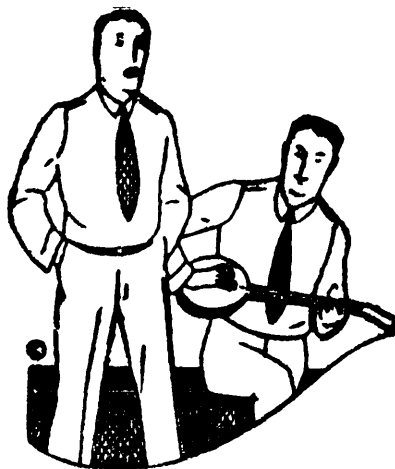
"Put up your hands!" said the newcomer.

Mr. Valerius reached towards heaven. His captor, after a period of unfruitful search for a weapon on the person of his catch, sank into a deep armchair and meditation of the problem before him.

On the left was William (Bill) Valerius, handsome and garbed as befitted a gentleman of refined tastes. On the right was the man who had disturbed him, beautiful beyond words, in faultless evening clothes and with a wicked little revolver poised in his lap.

"Whistling during business hours," apologised Mr. Valerius, after a moment's contemplation, "is an indiscretion of which I have never before been guilty." And, with a speed incredible in one of his weight, he extracted a knife from his garments, pierced the upper right hand side of the dress shirt opposite him, and was about to make a brisk departure when he was once more harshly interrupted:

"Aw Hell! D'you guys think you're ticklin' each other to make the camera laff? Call yourself an actor—I got a kid o' three, back home, can look deader'n that!"



Macdonald and the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair

AFTER many profitable judging trips taken during the early part of the year the real peak of interest was reached when the College judging team left, late at night on Thursday, November 15th, for Toronto and, ultimately, the Royal Fair.

None of us quite understand how Bob Longley managed to fit himself into the sleeping berth, but he emerged in the morning looking perfectly fit, and refreshed, from head to foot—a great distance.

Our first real halt was at Guelph, where we remained for several days as partial guests of the Ontario Agricultural College, and no record of the trip is complete without a special word of appreciation for the hospitality we received there. The meeting of old friends was made even more enjoyable by the generosity of the college authorities in giving us the “freedom of the city,” a place of honour in their dining-hall, and material to work with in preparation for the coming show.

Sunday found us again in Toronto. The day was passed quietly, but rather strenuously as three journeys up and down Yonge St. were necessary before a restaurant was found to satisfy the fastidious taste of Bob Millinchamp. What poor Bob thought of the hasty choice of lodgings no-one will ever know. We retain vague impressions of a bedraggled landlady, over-taxed beds, sofas with bumps in the wrong places, and a sad shortage of toast at breakfast-time.

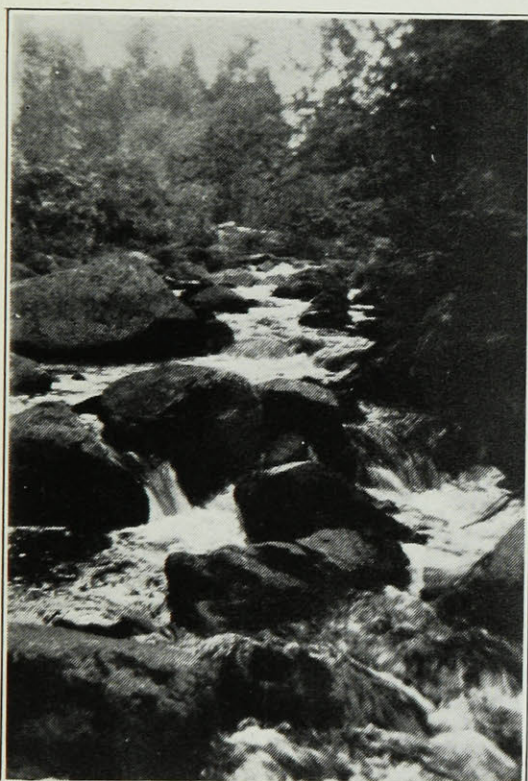
It was raining quite heavily (those are not the exact words we used at the time) when, on Monday, we went to Messrs. B. H. Bull & Son's farm—the home of the widely known Brompton Jerseys. After this final experience the judging team was chosen. From the eight stalwarts of the party five were picked to represent the College. They were Messrs. MacLeod, Logan, Woodward, Millinchamp and Richards.

Tuesday, the day of the show, found us all prepared for a determined bid for victory. It was unfortunate that a little matter such as a taxi should have delayed us three quarters of an hour and caused a good deal of anxiety, but these little things apparently can't be helped. Finally, however, we found ourselves in the thick of things—appraising, keenly criticising, reasoning (both deductively and inductively), perhaps, here and there, hazarding a guess, and, above all, taxing our memories to the utmost. Then it was finished.

In the early afternoon we learned, to our sorrow, that the O.A.C. team had beaten us by a margin of some 300 points; they having collected 4,200 points. It was a sad blow, but the better team undoubtedly won. Perhaps next year, with a little more experience,



THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE
BY C. HARVEST
AWARDED 2nd PRIZE



THE BROOK
By EVELYN JOHNSON
AWARDED 1ST PRIZE

DUNVEGAN CASTLE, SCOTLAND
By D. CAMERON
AWARDED 3RD. PRIZE





WOMEN'S ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

we shall be able to reverse the order of things. McLeod, who took second place, was our most successful man.

Two more days were spent at the show. Such famous animals as Rag Apple Pabst were seen sweeping all before them, and our time was well spent.

Before returning home we were entertained at a banquet and theatre party by The T. Eaton Company to whom we extend our heartiest thanks. Again it was unfortunate that the party arrived late for the banquet. What the little things were that delayed the party is best known to Messrs. Woodland and Millinchamp—or perhaps it was the “cousin” who waylaid Bob Longley.

Although we lost in the competition we consider the trip to have been a real success, and, in making it so, Professor Ness was the most important factor. The thanks of the whole party are due to him for his untiring efforts; and some of us also have to thank him for his very efficient treatment of unfortunate maladies. Under his able guidance we returned from a most enjoyable and profitable week just in time to take part in the Formal Dance.

—R. E. Richards.

* * *

There were more glasses broken in the Dining Hall last term than ever before in the history of Macdonald.

This is felt to be due not so much to any special effort on the part of students, but to the fact that this year the glasses are older than in any previous year.

It is with mixed feelings that we regard the suggestion that all firearms in the men's Residence should be handed over to the janitor.

We prefer to be wakened by the bell.

The Gym is for playing ball in, says a notice in the ironing room. Our suspicions are confirmed.

The Green and Gold Revue will be produced on February 23rd. Before then there is, of course, next Sunday's Sing-song.

Though we dislike the visitor who spits on the floor we are always glad to know he feels at home.

—J. M. F.

The Voyages of Captain Dogsbody

Book III. Chap. 3.

NOW it happened upon the eighth day that Nautical William, who sat upon the highest pinnacle of the mast, cried out with a great voice, saying: "Land ho!" And forthwith there was great rejoicing amongst the Dipboyes, for they had grown weary of the ship of the Bikkafellas, who were of the crew.

Then Captain Dogsbody called together all the Dipboyes and spake thus: "It is meet that we should land here, that we may discover what manner of people abide in this country—for have we not fed the fishes for many weary days?"

So it fell about that they came unto a small haven and there descried, upon the shore, a strange man who called aloud: "Are you for Mak?" The Dipboyes questioned among themselves, "What manner of man is this?" but they were an-hungered and sorrowful, so they answered, saying: "Yea, Verily," and lowering the long-boat, came to the shore.

Then quoth the stranger, "I am he who must be obeyed. Know ye that I am a great Prince in the land of Mak, and am hight Ahmbone. Tell me, who is the greatest among you?"

And Dogsbody answered, "I am the greatest among the Dipboyes but, alas, we are sick and an-hungered and desire nothing but food and rest."

Whereupon spake Ahmbone: "To him who payeth the deposit all things are possible. Come you with me."

In a while they came upon a large palace, set about with many beautiful gardens and fair pavilions, and Ahmbone said, "Welcome to Mak!" Then was there rejoicing amongst the Dipboyes, for of a surety they were come to a good country. And Ahmbone brought them to a pavilion, saying, "Here rest awhile, until the hour of the banquet."

Now when the time of the feast was at hand, the Dipboyes made their way across the green pasture called the Kampus—until there came one who called in a loud voice: "Get thee from off the sod, and direct thy going by way of the road!" At which the Dipboyes did greatly wonder, for is it not written in the works of brother Euclid that two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third?

And in the hall of the feast were many damsels beauteous to behold. Whereat we were stricken with a sudden palsy and palpitation of the heart, and could neither eat nor drink, for that our eyes were bewitched by the maidens who sat in that hall.

And the Dipboyes questioned one who sat at meat beside them, concerning these damsels, and he answered, "Gaze not upon these women, unless ye belong to the Foryerclubbe." Then answered Dogsbody—who was as a Sheik, and a ladde with the girls—"How many pieces of eight do I pay for the Foryerclubbe?" And the man made answer: "The Foryer cannot be purchased. It can be achieved only by fasting, initiation and other strange miracles." Whereat the Dipboyes marvelled amongst themselves, saying, "Truly we are come to a strange land."

After the feast was done there was much shouting amongst the men of Mak, who made much fuss and pother concerning the maidens, each striving to displace the other, that they might speak with the maidens as they gat them out of the hall.

Then the Dipboyes did make music to please the damsels, Rej with his lute and Angus with his fiddle. And the men of Mak acclaimed them, saying. "Surely, these two could turn a stone to water or charm a snake!"

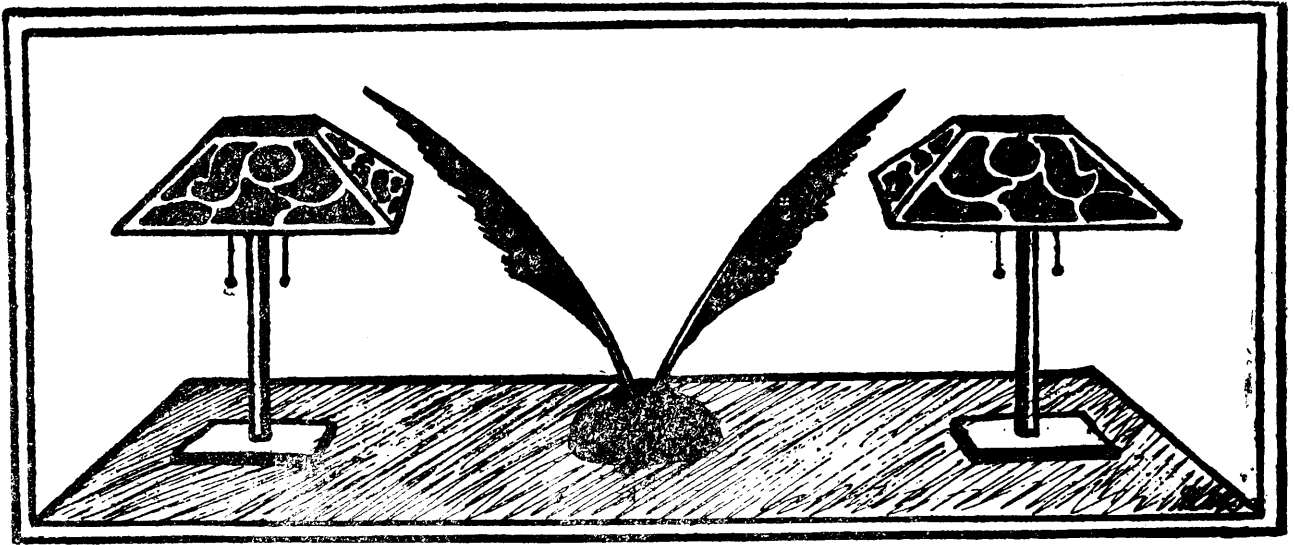
On the next day Ahmbone came to the Dipboyes and said, "It is meet that you should go into the town for to yield your riches to the bankers, who will give you much increase, so that your doubloons will increase and bear you much profit. But, alas, on the way to the town, the Dipboyes passed an inn called Ritze (not Ritz—Ed.) and they said, one unto the other, "Let us go in here and refresh ourselves." And they went in.

Now there was much feasting and drinking in this place and many damsels who danced and sang. Thus did the Dipboyes fairly revel and dissipate, so that when the evening was come, their doubloons, their golden crowns and their pieces of eight had followed the sun to his resting place (Gone West—Ed.). And when Ahmbone saw that they had fallen amongst rocky places and fractured themselves (Gone stony broke.—Ed.) he said unto them, "It is time that ye gat ye to the land and earned Ten Bux a month with board."

And the Dipboyes said, "We will go." And they went. But the tale of the strange events which happened upon the Farm will be told another day. (And in another magazine.—Ed.)

—H.A.U.M.





Under the Desk Lamp

Dear Mr. Editor,

There are a few points in connection with the Literary and Debating Society, which the Executive would like to bring to the notice of the student-body.

It is regrettable but, at the same time, inevitable, that the programme after Christmas should include so many debates. The addition of a Diploma Course Debate, and the acceptance of the challenge of the Western Universities' Team, together with postponements due to illness, have been responsible for this condition.

We were pleased to welcome The Rev. Allworth Eardley on Dec. 4th. His excellent presentation of "The Tale of Two Cities" was greatly enjoyed. In furthering our policy of providing entertainments of general and academic interest, arrangements are in hand, at the time of writing, with Prof. C. V. Holt of McGill University, with a view to a lecture sometime in March.

It is a great pleasure to be able to report good progress in the Green and Gold Revue. Every omen points to a standard of excellence far ahead of that reached last year—which is as it should be. In this connection, a few words regarding the necessity of an entrance fee for the Revue are not out of place. Firstly, it is obviously impossible to stage a three-hour performance without incurring sundry expenses. Secondly, the expenses involved in the debate with the Western Universities' Team—namely \$60.00—would be altogether too great for the Society to bear unless further monies could be obtained.

In view of the fact that Macdonald is the youngest member of the N.F.C.U.S. and has not, as yet, participated in any of the activities of the Federation, the Executive decided that this year,

at least, we would take our place in the Inter-Collegiate field. It is to be hoped that future executives will be able to see their way to finance similar activities.

Lastly, but by no means least among the expenses incurred this session, was the procuring of an excellent set of permanent scenery for the Assembly Hall. The lack of such a commodity has been felt severely, in past years, by the Player's Club.

We wish to put on record our indebtedness in this matter to Mr. R. H. Bishop. Mr. Bishop was entirely responsible for the initial idea and plans and, together with Mr. Richardson, for construction of the scenery. Valuable assistance was rendered by Messrs. Crews, Bradbury, Danielsen, Kliebs and Upton. The Agricultural Engineering Dept., in the persons of Prof. Heimpel and Mr. North, was generous in supplying tools and acting in an advisory capacity. To all these our thanks are due.

It has come to our ears, that amongst our members are those—we trust that they are few—who consider that the 'Lit' is being over-ambitious. We know that you will feel for us, Mr. Editor, when we humbly remark that constructive criticism is always welcome! We, perhaps cynically, wonder whether the burden of a thirty cent admission fee for the Green and Gold Revue is responsible for this. It is not, of course, unnatural that our local talent cannot compete with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, yet we have heard it said that "charity begins at home!"

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the use of your pages.

We remain

Yours sincerely,

Norman B. McMaster,
Pres., Executive Committee,
Macdonald College Literary and Debating Society.

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Macdonald-Westerners Debate

Under the auspices of the National Federation of Canadian University Students the debating team representing the Western Universities paid a visit to Macdonald on Feb 18th., and engaged the Macdonald team in a debate on Censorship.

The Westerners took the negative side of the question, maintaining that censorship was fundamentally wrong; Mr. Bryce Mackenzie, Saskatchewan University, opened the debate with the finest speech that has been heard in the Assembly hall for a long time. From the aspect of the purely subjective he defined censorship fully, although the opposition might have criticised the stand he took on this point. He took up the freedom and suppression of thought, political opinion, literature, and art, and led to the moral and aesthetic considerations of the question.

Macdonald, much to the satisfaction of her opponents, agreed to accept the somewhat narrow definition though no doubt Mr. R. E. Johnson realised that he was giving something away in conceding the point. He spoke well, but was overshadowed by the brilliance

of the previous speaker. Mr. Wm. Masterson of British Columbia University proceeded at great length and speed to refute Mr. Johnson's argument; he packed an immense amount of wit, logic and critical analysis into the time at his disposal, and when he had made an end Macdonald felt distinctly sorry for herself.

Mr. E. A. Lawrence made, I think, the best speech that has yet been heard from him; certainly the soundest. The more imaginative flights, to which he is at times given, were for this evening abandoned, and he succeeded in putting forward an argument which the opposition were either unable, or had not the time to refute. And this, in the opinion of the judges, gave the decision to Macdonald. The outstanding speech of the debate was Mr. Mackenzie's rebuttal; a more masterly analysis and scholarly interpretation of the subject can seldom have been heard anywhere, and I say this without any reserve whatever; the thing was positively elevating.

The judges announced that the Westerners were far ahead on delivery and subject matter and would have won the debate but for the fact that they did not refute one argument advanced by Macdonald, and I suppose that is one way of judging debates. Though I confess I did not see entirely eye to eye with the judges, both Mr. Johnson and Mr. Lawrence are to be most heartily congratulated on winning the debate.—J. M. F.

Senior-Junior Debate

Debating the question that the teachings of our Lord, as interpreted by the Church, were not influencing the young men of today, the Junior team won the decision over the Seniors.

Mr. McMaster, in a well reasoned and thoughtful introduction, cleared away some doubts cast by a somewhat ambiguous subject; Mr. Fitzpatrick has apparently a flair for direct refutation that might have been more strongly supported by adducing further evidence.

For the Juniors, Mr. Lawrence introduced some startlingly original sidelights and conceptions of the subject, and spoke his lines very well. Mr. Eardley made, to my mind, the best speech of the evening. On the whole the Junior team deserved their win, although there was a great deal of talking round the subject, partly due, no doubt, to the title of the debate.

A diversion was created by a hen, evidently a sign from heaven, making an appropriate entrance from the roof and a pretty landing on the platform.

Professor Quayle's adjudication was an admirable example of how this sort of thing ought to be done.

—J.M.F.

Sophomore-Freshman Debate

As Professor Heimpel said in his announcement of the judges' decision, the sophomores achieved victory by a very narrow margin.

Messrs. Eaves and Ferguson, the winners, supported the motion "That Immigration to Canada should be Restricted to the British Isles." Mr. Parnell and his *confrère* Mr. Wolofsky took the negative side of the question.

The appeal of Mr. Eaves was directed more to the heart than to the head, and Mr. Parnell, in reply, had a number of excellent points and refutations, but their force was somewhat dimmed by his inexperienced manner and delivery. Mr. Wolofsky—also handicapped by lack of experience—had some arguments, and his unconscious humour gave to the debate an element of comic relief which helped to enliven an otherwise rather heavy subject.

Evidence of deep research was shown in Mr. Ferguson's formidable array of statistics and authorities—an array which would have been even greater had a statement of policy from the Prime Minister of Ontario been received in time to be incorporated in the debate.



Agricultural Alumni

Dr. Robert Newton, '12, is on leave of absence from the University of Alberta to permit him to conduct a survey of the graduate and research faculties at the Canadian Agricultural Colleges, and to prepare a Graduate Calendar on the basis of his findings. This work is being conducted under the auspices of the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists, and is being financed through a grant from the International Educational Board (Rockefeller Foundation). At the time of writing, Dr. Newton is at Macdonald.

F. L. Drayton, '14, is on leave from the Division of Botany, of the Central Experimental Farms System, to follow graduate work at Cornell University. Last year Mr. Drayton was in Holland with reference to disease of "bulbs."

C. H. Hodge, '13, has left the Family Herald and Weekly Star to go on the staff of the Ontario Farmer.

Geo. Boving, '16, is back at the University of British Columbia following a leave of absence during which he partially met the residence requirements for a master's degree. He is taking his work at Oregon.

We have received an interesting letter from Arthur Milne, '21, who is stationed in England with the Immigration Department of the Canadian National Railways. Mr. Milne referred to a trip through Holland, Germany, Hungary, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia. We hope that he will give an account of one of these trips some day.

H. L. Hay, '21, is now with the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company at Marysville, B.C.

J. W. Graham, '22, is now in the Moncton office of the Live Stock Branch.

A. R. Graham, '23, is stationed at the Entomological Laboratory at Chatham, Ontario. His address is 267 Victoria Avenue, Chatham, Ont.

G. H. Bowen, '23, is at Columbia University taking graduate work in Landscape Architecture. He can be reached at 10 Fifth Avenue, New Rochelle, N.Y.

Chas. Fogerty, '25, has resigned from his position in the Poultry Department, Macdonald College, to undertake the establishment of a poultry plant of his own. His address is R. R. No. 3, Galt, Ont.

P. Cossman, '26, is now with the United Fruit Company, Guaro, Orienti de Cuba. He is the third Macdonald man who has gone to Cuba.

We regret to have to announce the death of two of our fellow-graduates—J. P. Spittall, '23, died in Halifax in July last, and G. S. Matthews, '24, died last December in the College Hospital of the Michigan State Collge, where he was taking graduate work.

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Announcement

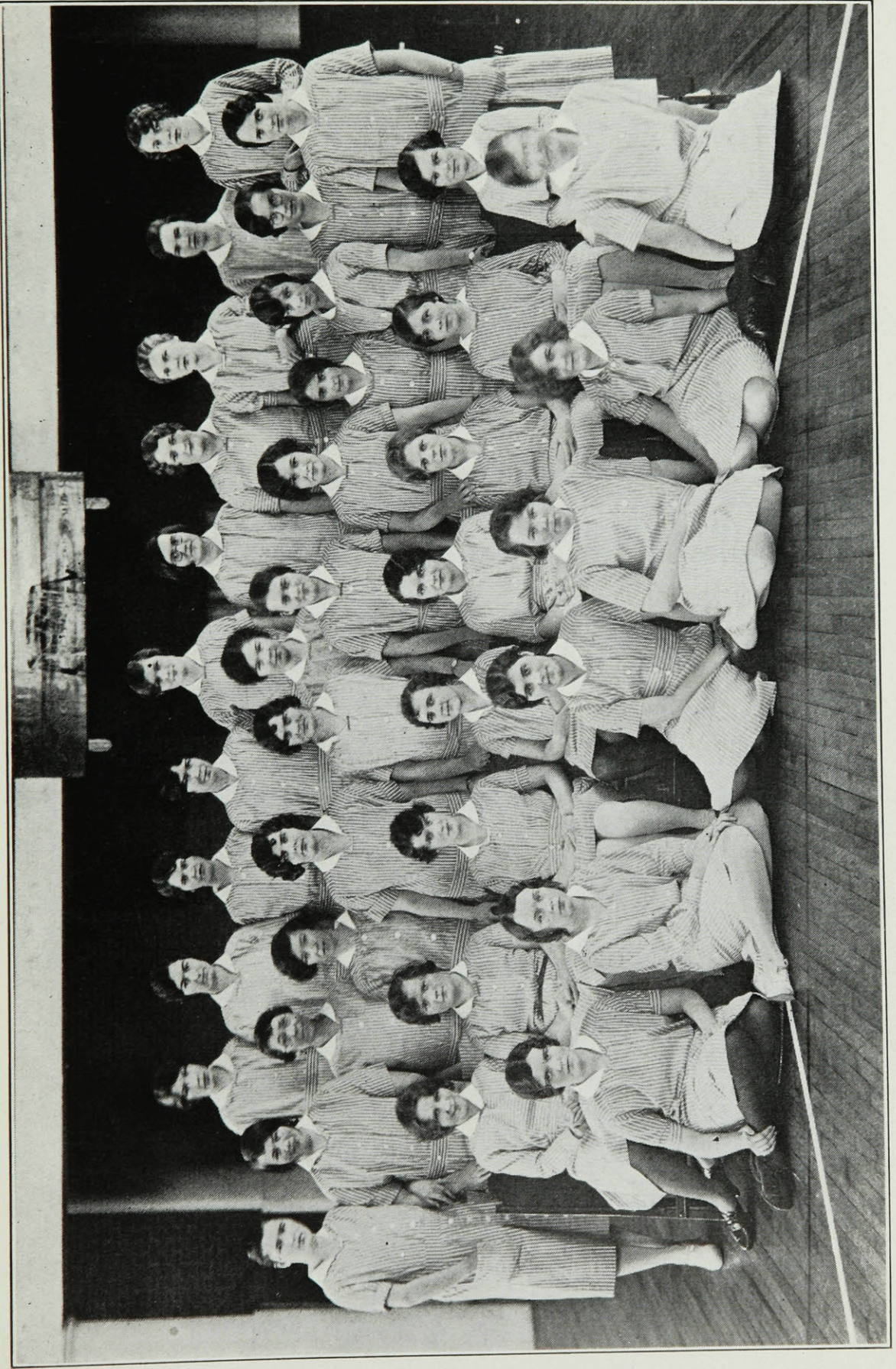
The Canada Cement Company plant at Exshaw, Alberta, has just won the Safety Trophy offered annually by the Portland Cement Association for perfect score in safety performance which means no accidents throughout the year.

The trophy is open to competition among practically all Portland cement manufacturers on the continent and the victory of the Exshaw Plant in 1928 gives the Canada Cement Company a remarkable record since five of its plants have now won this trophy in the past four years.

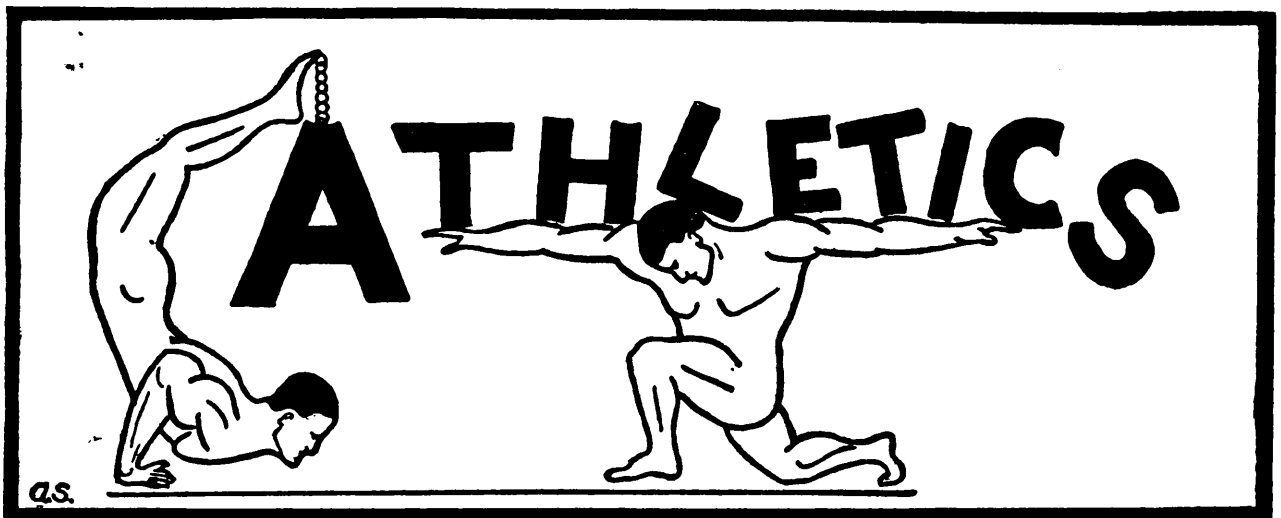
Between 1920 and 1927 the Canada Cement Company reduced accidents by 76% and increased man-hour efficiency by 86%.



SOPHOMORES



HOMEMAKERS



The Field Day

The Field Day results (unavoidably delayed) are given below. The day was the worst possible with regard to weather, but some fine performances were witnessed and the new material is full of promise. Drs. Barton and Duporte acted as judges and Prof. Ness as starter.

100 yds.—1st., Archer; 2nd., Moll; 3rd., Gould.

Hop, step and jump—1st., Palmer; 2nd., Paige; 3rd., Waugh A.

220 yds.—1st., Archer and Paige; 2nd., Taylor, Moll and Gould.

Running Broad Jump—1st., Palmer; 2nd., Waugh A.; 3rd., Paige.

Standing Broad Jump—1st., Waugh A.; 2nd., Palmer, 3rd., Paige.

Half-mile—1st., Taylor; 2nd., Gould; 3rd., McMaster.

Shot-put—1st., Waugh A.; 2nd., MacCuish; 3rd., Parris.

High Jump—1st., Palmer; 2nd., Waugh A.; 3rd., Paige.

Class Relay—1st., Teachers; 2nd., Seniors.

Two Mile—1st., Taylor; 2nd., McMaster; 3rd., Palmer.

One Mile—1st., Taylor; 2nd., McMaster; 3rd., Palmer.

Tug-of-war—Sophomores.

Final order (total points)—1st., Palmer; 2nd., Waugh A.; 3rd., Taylor.

Diploma Course Field-Day

This event was held on Monday, November 12th. The weather was extremely cold and windy, but, in spite of the adverse conditions, the events were carried through without any hitch.

Mr. Hamilton, together with Mr. Coulson, very kindly acted as judge.

Results

100 yds.—1st. Kleibs; 2nd. A. Grove.

2 miles—1st. Miller; 2nd. Bishop.

Running Broad Jump—1st. A. Grove; 2nd. Dryden.

Shot-Put—1st. Kleibs; 2nd. Taylor.

220 yds.—1st. Kleibs; 2nd. A. Grove

880 yds.—1st. Thatcher; 2nd. Monro.

Hop, step and jump—1st. Morton; 2nd. Cameron.

1 mile—1st. Miller; 2nd. Turner.

High Jump—1st. Chapman; 2nd. Cameron.

Standing Broad-Jump—1st. Chapman; 2nd. Morton.

Relay Race—Dip. '29.

Tug-of-war—Dip. '29.

The silver cup for the highest aggregate was won by R. J. Kleibs, A. A. Grove won the silver medal, and bronze medals were awarded to S. J. Chapman and W. N. F. Miller.

Basket Ball

Macdonald v. Arts. December 8th., 1928.

A fast game between two evenly matched teams. Although not playing up to expectations the college had the better part of the first period—Em. Paige and Tanlac Johnson playing particularly sound games. In the last period the quality of the game was extremely poor and the final score —38-36 in favour of our opponents—is a fair comparison between the teams. MacVicar's shooting was a feature of the game.

Macdonald v. Arts. February 9th.

Before a good attendance of basketball fans Macdonald beat the Arts team by a margin of fifteen points.

After a short period of adversity the College team found their form and put in some good work. Al. Waugh played a good game at centre, and Woodward and Tanlac Johnson were very effective in defence—particularly towards the end of the game.

The final score was 29-14.



HOCKEY

Macdonald v Dentistry. February 16th.

After playing a strenuous hockey game in the early afternoon the ivory-snatchers were placed somewhat at a disadvantage in meeting the College basketball players.

Tanlac Johnson and Jim Woodward, playing defence, kept their basket out of danger whilst Paige and MacCuish—working well together—piled up a big score. Wolofsky played, at times, a good individual game but was weak in combination.

The score at the end of the first period was 28-6 for the College and, after half-time, MacCuish, Paige, MacVicar, Al. Waugh and Taylor increased this to a final score of 53-8.

Macdonald v. Hudson Heights. January 26th., 1929.

Playing a defensive game, the home team (our opponents) had the better of the first period and scored twice.

For the last two periods the College team played much better and had, perhaps, some bad luck. The Hudson Heights team scored once more and the final score was 3-0 in their favour.

Archie Walker was the outstanding player of the day and broke through the line of defence several times to just miss scoring. The play towards the end was particularly fast and both goal-tenders had some anxious moments.

Macdonald v. Commerce. February 2nd., 1929.

Lack of team-work prevented the College from securing a much wider margin of victory in this game. Archie Walker, Bob Millinchamp and Al. Waugh all played brilliant individual games but seemed to be incapable of passing the puck at the right time. This is very disheartening to the manager, C. M. Archibald, and makes it impossible for the team to do its best.

At the end of the three periods the score was two all—Bob Millinchamp and Archie Walker being the scorers for the College.

Ten minutes extra time was played and another goal was scored for the College—much to the delight of the “rooters,” who turned up in large numbers and gave excellent support.

Macdonald v. Hudson Heights. February 6th.

The return game against Hudson Heights, played on our own rink, proved a disappointing exhibition and resulted in a loss-5-1.

Our opponents had the better of the game with the exception of one or two individual displays by the College players.

In the first two periods three goals were scored against us and the outcome of the game was never in doubt. Towards the end of the second period Richards received a cut over the eye and this, presumably, was the reason for his deserting his team.

In the last period the College team improved considerably on their previous display. Bob Millinchamp, who played a good game throughout, scored, and good work was done by Waugh and Walker.

Macdonald v. Sherbrooke.

On February 9th Bob Jack, moving with even more than his accustomed hustle, organised a score of valuable helpers, secured a team of horses, and cleared the rink of six inches of snow in something under an hour, so that we might play a team which had arrived from Sherbrooke.

The ice was not at its best and the game was inclined to be slow. In the first minute of play the visitors put the puck into the net and, although the College had the better of the game after this, no further score was registered and the game was lost.

Ralph Richards and Archie Walker deserve special mention and, also, Bob Millinchamp, who was the hardest-working man on the team and had incredibly bad luck on several occasions.

Thanks are due to Messrs. Harnott and Tufts for their kindness in consenting to act as referees.

The Imaginary Invalid

A Criticism

The introduction of a dramatic section in their organization is perhaps the most successful innovation made by the Literary and Debating Society in recent years. During the past two years a number of plays have been staged successfully by members of the society, but in the writer's opinion, none more successfully than Moliere's "Imaginary Invalid" produced on the evening of January 30th.

The superabundant energy for which the Diploma class is noted seems to have found an outlet in the construction of new stage scenery so that the setting was an improvement over that of other years; it was not however in the enhanced convenience and fitness of the settings that the excellency of the play consisted, but in the almost uniformly excellent acting of the whole cast, which reached a standard of which any amateur company might well be proud.

Two outstanding faults of previous performances were entirely absent. One of these was the tendency to speak so rapidly that by the time the words reached the middle of the hall they had caught up with each other and become so inextricably mixed as to resist all attempts on the part of the audience to sort them out. Then too in some of the earlier days there seemed to be a lack of that familiarity with stagecraft which enables the actors at the same time to group themselves naturally and to remember that their lines are addressed primarily not to each other but to the audience.

The two leading female characters, Angelique, Argan's love-sick daughter and Toinette maid-servant and *dea ex machina*, were very capably and delightfully portrayed by Miss Sheila Hough and Miss Dorothy Hicks respectively. Watching Miss Hough's acting I was impressed with the very negligible amount of evolution in the genus *Flapper* during the past 250 years, except perhaps for some minor external characters such as the extent of extraneous covering on the ambulatory appendages and the architecture and amount of the pilosity on the scalp.

One could see in Miss Hicks' interpretation of the maid the ancestry of the bumper crop of modern witticisms on the tyranny of the servant in the house, an ancestry which probably stretches far back into prehistory. Doubtless the servant joke competed with the mother-in-law joke when primitive man, his dismay at the loss of his beautiful and useful tail just giving place to a feeling of wistful regret, laboriously chiselled his first funny story on the walls of his cave.

Miss Alice McIntosh as Beline the "invalid's" second wife portrayed naturally and well the young, pretty, gushing wife awaiting with feline patience the death of her aged and wealthy husband.

Argan, the imaginary invalid himself, was played by Mr. Jack Rayner. Mr. Rayner was almost perfect both in make-up, which was simplicity itself, and in acting. The ease, restraint and naturalness of his acting won the merited applause of the audience.

One of the best-received parts was Mr. Eaves' interpretation of Thomas Diafoirus—nervous, gauche, and pedantic, a combination which always makes for entertainment.

Mr. Bobby Kleibs who seems cut out to play the part of the more or less irresponsible young man about town fell naturally into the rôle of Cleante the young lover.

Miss Jean Leach as—I had almost written the “Kid”—Louison, Mr. Fyffe as Doctor Diafoirus, Mr. Self as Beralde, Mr. Bishop in the double rôle of notary and apothecary, and Mr. Pike as Purgon, all did excellently well in their less exacting parts.

The literary society and more especially the play manager, Miss Ada Fanjoy and her associates, Miss MacDiarmid and Mr. Bishop, deserve great praise for the very capable work which must have gone into a production of such excellence.

A performance such as this compares very favourably with some of the best amateur work that the writer has seen in various universities and little theatres. Speaking for himself he would like to see such plays made one of the major social functions among the students, and a tradition for serious theatricals grow up at Macdonald. The fact that the producers must keep one eye on the oncoming study hour must limit considerably the choice of plays, and might conceivably at times unduly hasten the action. The slight touch of formality too may have some effect in stimulating the players by making them take their parts more seriously.

—E. M. DuP.



Humorous

A SCIENCE RECIPE

To one piece of dark piazza add a little moonlight. Take for granted 2 people, pressed in strong arms, and one soft hand. Sift lightly 2 ounces of attraction, one of romance, add a large measure of folly and stir in one or two wisps of hair and a floating ruffle. Dissolve 2 doz. glances in a well of silence. Dust in a small quantity of hesitation, 1 oz. of resistance and 2 of yielding. Place the kisses on a flushed cheek or 2 lips, flavor with a slight scream and set aside to cool.

This will succeed in any climate if directions are carefully followed.

Marg. B. . . . "R . . . , Who is going to win the debate?"

R "Well, I think the Freshmen have presented their case better than"

Marg. B. . . . "Oh! But, my dear, the others are so much nicer!"

Bob. "How many times have I told you not to wander about as if you were lost?"

Cecil de V. H. "Wha? I'll bite. How many?"

APPEALING CHEMISTRY FOR THE JUNIOR ADS.

Doc. McC. . . . You will note, girls, that, when I light this candle, it burns brightly in the air; however, without any outward aid, when I immerse it in this peculiar gas that we have just made, lo and behold! it goes out!

My next trick will be

Joe. "Why don't you go to the formal, Dave?"

Dave. "Oh! Billing and *cou-ing* is more in your line than mine."

"Big beezness," said Pickett as he rubbed his hands in anticipation of a rich harvest. His foresight was well founded—for this was bun night.